I arrived home with 15 minutes to spare in which to dress for the dinner given tonight by the British National Committee of the International Chamber of Commerce at Quaglino's, in honor of Franklin Roosevelt, Jr., and Chancellor of the Exchequer Maudling. The ballroom where dinner was served was jammed with people. Almost every important business in the United Kingdom was represented by top officers. Sir Duncan Oppenheim, Chairman of the Committee, presided. I sat between Reggie Maudling and Mr. Page, President of the Federation of British Industries--an agreeable fellow. Reggie talked about the late struggle for the Prime Ministership, declaring himself well satisfied with the selection of Home. Naturally, his losing out must have been a considerable disappointment to him, but he maintains his easy going air. His speech was factual and optimistic about the economic and financial prospects for the UK during the next few months. Lord Runciman proposed the toast of "Our Guests", which was answered by Franklin Roosevelt. I have seldom heard a speech better suited to such an occasion, or more successfully delivered. It was greeted, as was deserved, with enthusiasm. He mixed humor with facts in an engaging fashion. One story told was of Vice President Barkley's reply to an Englishman who asked him what the difference was between the House of Representatives Foreign Affairs Committee and the Senate Foreign Relations Committee. Barkley said that the members of the House of Representatives were younger than those in the Senate, and therefore in the House they had affairs, whereas in the Senate they only had relations.

I went from Quaglino's to a supper party--although already stuffed to the gills with food--given by Prince Michel of Greece at the Tio Pepe restaurant in Shepherd's Close, just back of the Embassy. He had invited E, Pam Wyndham, and others to the Opera, so Joan Wyndham and I joined his little party in the restaurant.

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I have seldom had a better evening, or laughed more. We did not leave until almost two o'clock, but the young men who run Tio Pepe seemed delighted at our dawdling there.

While waiting for the opera goers, I ran into Lord Rootes, who had been at the Quaglino's dinner, and whose house is directly opposite the restaurant. I whiled away some time with him and his wife. They have an enchanting little garden; the house itself is exactly what I should like to have if I lived in London as a private individual. Billie Rootes is one of the most enterprising of all British businessmen. I would think his circle of acquaintances in the United States is larger than that of almost any other member of the Federation of British Industries. He keeps an apartment permanently in New York.

Marian Leiter is staying with us, but thus far our hours have not coincided, to my regret so I have not seen her.

October 23, 1963 - Wednesday

Ralph Bail, Chicago lawyer, a brother of George, came to see me this morning. Since boyhood, he has been interested in railroads, and is spending a short vacation riding around the British Isles on the railway system. Having somewhat similar tastes myself, I enjoyed talking to him about our experiences on American trains.

I had a massage this morning, and then lunched with E.

I left tonight by Lufthansa for Cologne, to join the other US Ambassadors in Europe for our meeting in Bonn.

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I found Anne and Jim Penfield, as well as Willis Armstrong, who had arrived today from Iceland, on the same plane to Cologne.

It is unusual on a Lufthansa plane to find a shortage of drink. But after the Penfields were served a half-bottle of Rhine wine, and Willis and myself a dry martini each, the bar cupboard was bare of everything except cider.

It was a beautiful night, adorned by a crescent moon, so we slid onto the Cologne airport under favorable circumstances.

The McGhees hospitably invited me to stay at the Residence, but since it is to be a center of almost uninterrupted entertainment during our Ambassadorial conference, I thought it better to resort to the Guest House at Plittersdorf.

October 24, 1963 - Thursday

Max Kohnstamm and Bob Schaetzel breakfasted with me this morning at the Guest House. Max wished to talk about the Kennedy Round, and especially about agricultural policy--along the lines Jean Monnet advanced last week. Erhard has asked Monnet and Kohnstamm to visit him privately next Wednesday.

The Corference convened at 11 o'clock at the Chancery under Bill Tyler's chairmanship. Position papers had been prepared in Washington on the following topics: (1) US-German Relations and their Implications in Western Europe; (2) The US and France in Europe; (3) The position of the US in Western Europe; (4) Atlantic Partnership and European Unification: Status and Prospects; (5) The Nuclear issue in the Atlantic Alliance.

As is natural here, German problems engrossed more attention by the representatives than did other questions.

The following diplomats--in addition to a hefty Washington delegation--from the field have come to Bonn:

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October 27, 1963 - Sunday

This morning, as on the preceding ones, it was foggy. When, however, I arrived at Wahn Airport the skies were clear, and on the Lufthansa Viscount we had a smooth journey to London. I knew nobody aboard, except the peripatetic and gifted Alastair Buchan.

Jim Tull and Bob Smith met me; I was home for lunch.

I cannot claim to have spent the afternoon fruitfully, for I had to deal with a mass of correspondence. It was so satisfying to be home that I would not have cared if I had been faced with an impersonal catastrophe.

Alec Home has commenced his campaign for a seat in Scotland, in the district of Kinross, from which my emigrating ancestor is supposed to have come. His postponement of the regular session of Parliament has given rise to bitter debate in the two houses, but he carried his point, and the matter will not have great significance.

The more I think of the Ambassadors' meeting, the greater do I estimate its usefulness, especially as it conduces to a coordination of effort on the part of us all.

I suggested, in the closing session, that on the next occasion one of the topics on the agenda should be "what is the function of an Ambassador under existing conditions." At least, it should give scope to garrulity and self-justification.

October 28, 1963 - Monday

I briefed the Defense Department writers for an hour or more this morning on almost every conceivable subject of military or political interest, including many questions and answers on MLF. They were an alert group, including:

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Joe Campbell, Mutual Broadcasting System
Charles Corddry, United Press International
Phil Goulding, Cleveland Plain Dealer
Daniel Hankin, Army-Navy-Air Force Journal
William McGaffin, Chicago Daily News
John H. Mulliken, Time, Inc.
Lloyd H. Norman, Newsweek
John G. Norris, Washington Post & Times Herald
Dan Pa[illegible]er, Denver Post
Neth T. [illegible]yne, McGraw-Hill Publications
Thomas K. Phillips, St. Louis Post Dispatch
John H. Pinkerman, Copley News Service
Jack Raymond, New YorkTimes
Al Sehlstedt, Baltimore Sun
Neal A. Stanford, Chri[illegible]tian Science Monitor
Marvin L. Stone, US News and World Report
Jules Witcover, Newhouse Newspapers

Wally Barbour came to see me this morning. He is here with his sister on a few days leave from his post in Israel. I thought he looked splendidly, and only regret he is not still in London, where he spent six years of great usefulness to the American Government.

Brig. General Lowell English, of the Marine Corps, who is replacing General Van Ryzin, came to see me. I should think from his appearance, manner, and conversation, he is a credit to that splendid organization.

I lunched at White's with Douglas Fairbanks, who will be off to the United States tomorrow. He discussed his connection with the Keeler case in a philosophical way. He said that for a few days after his name was mentioned in the papers there was a certain amount of coolness toward him on the part of other people allegedly involved. Since the Denning report, everything seems to have cleared up as far as he is concerned, and his friends at White's appeared delighted to see him.

Congressman Oren Harris of El Dorado, Arkansas, came to see me. He has been in Congress since 1940, and is Chairman of the powerful Committee on

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Interstate and Foreign Commerce. He is sixty years old, but looks much younger, and is a genial, attractive man. Naturally, we discussed frozen Arkansas chickens.

Mr. Eugene Kinnaly and his friend Mr. Fitzgerald, from Boston, called on me. Kinnaly is a special administrative assistant to John McCormack, and although 75, is still active and mobile. Fitzgerald is a contractor from Boston. They told me a number of good stories.

E and I went tonight, after she had been to a previous cocktail party, to a reception given by the Joneses at Wychwood House for Wally Barbour and his sister. A large number of English and American friends of theirs attended it. I had a chance to finish with Harold Caccia a matter we had discussed back and forth during the day, concerning the proposed visit of George Ball to London in the near future. Earlier in the day I sent George the following telegram on this subject:

"Eyes Only for Under Secretary Ball.

I have talked to Heath and also Caccia who will pass message to Butler. They will be delighted to see you on November 7 or 8.

Heath is going to Paris on Nov. 17th and wants to talk to you before the meeting. You will not see PM since he will still be campaigning at time your proposed visit.

Would it perhaps be better, since the Parliament is due to reconvene on November 12 and the new Ministers are just beginning to settle down in their offices, if you came to London after you have made a round of the other capitals. From the standpoint of their convenience, I believe they would consider this preferable, although they have not so expressed themselves.

From a purely American standpoint I think your visit here prior to the reconvening of Parliament might be construed by our correspondents here and picked up at home, as well as by some papers in London adverse to present Government, as indicating intention of trying to use pressure on new Ministers.

As personal opinion, much as I would like to see you in London, I cannot help thinking that if it were possible, it would be better for you to meet Heath in Paris on the 17th rather than in London. This would leave open the question of Butler, but perhaps you could do that at a later time.

I shall not be here myself from November 20 until November 23. Hope whenever you come you will stay with us. Regards."

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October 29, 1963 - Tuesday

I went out to the shooting range this morning and had a good time drawing on high clay birds.

I had a further talk with Wally Barbour. David and Henry Cecil, the twin step-sons of Cecil Boyd Rochfort, stopped in briefly. They have now been cleared for their visit to America, where they will work for a while in the Whitney and Hancock racing establishments.

I dealt at considerable length this morning with the people in the Embassy involved in the British Guiana proceedings. The three native politicians, Jagan, Burnham, and d'Aguiar, are all in London, scrapping with each other and with Duncan Sandys over the future of the Colony.

I lunched at the American Club, then bought some haberdashery and a print.

Walden Moore, Director of the Declaration of Atlantic Unity, called on me. He is [redacted] disconsolate over the lack of interest here in the Atlantic movement. I told him I saw little possibility of arousing enthusiasm in the United Kingdom for this undertaking until at least the British elections had taken place.

It looks as if we would be indirectly plagued by the Philby case. The newspapers have at last discovered that Mrs. Philby has gone to Moscow. I wrote out a statement to be given if necessary to the press, saying she was an American citizen in possession of a valid American passport with no restrictions against its use for a journey to the Soviet Union, where she has rejoined her husband.

I dined tonight with E and Marian Leiter.

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Professor Julian Boyd from Princeton came to call this afternoon. He hopes within a few months to bring two more of his Jefferson volumes into the hands of the printers. He found his stay here rewarding, especially in turning up more Jefferson material. He talked to me about an ornithologist and entomologist named Thomas Abbot, who came over from England to Virginia about 1773, married a Virginia girl, and served in the Continental Army. Afterwards, he retired to Georgia, where he made many studies of insects, plants and birds that Boyd thinks are superior to those of Catesby. I talked later in the afternoon to Mr. Cannon of Heywood Hill & Co. on this subject, and he is to send me next week two volumes of Abbot 's work that are in his possession.

Lady McEwen came to dine tonight.

October 31, 1963 - Thursday

We left this morning for Paris by the nine o'clock plane from London Airport. Paris time is one hour ahead of London, so we reached the Crillon just before lunch. Driving to the Crillon in a taxi was quite an experience, for the chauffeur--a chain smoker of cigarettes--semed to mefie himself indifferently of other motorists, policemen, pedestrians, dogs and cats.

We have the corner apartment on the roof, above where Rue Boissy d'Anglas runs into Place de la Concorde.

I made a measly purchase at the Jansen Boutique before being drawn into the vortex of the Embassy, where I regarded, inter alia, my portrait by Robert Lutyens, and deplored the fact that it was a faithful likeness.

The big moment of the day was a call by E and myself on Cousin Natalie Barney at 20 Rue Jacob It was her 77th birthday; in spite of a slight heart murmur--she said "perhaps because it has for so long beaten so ardently"--

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the Amazone, with her peach bloom complexion, was gay and witty as ever. We ate Texas sized fruits, took tea, munched chocolate cake, discussed literature, and I marvelled at her vitality and charm.

November 1, 1963 - Friday

Big stir this morning, for a strike on the French airlines was threatened. The Rothschild clerical resources were brought into play, and we resolved to travel by the Sud Express to Bordeaux.

Kisty Hesketh, E and I had seats in the fully occupied Pullman car, where for at least two hours out of the five required for the journey, we guzzled. Until we passed Poitiers the country was beautiful, much better seen from railway windows than from a plane. Today was Toussaint, therefore a holiday, so many sportsmen were wandering in the fields with their dogs, alert to bring down a partridge, quail, lark, wren or any other plumaged flyer.

We made rendezvous at the Bordeaux station with our fellow guests, Nicholas Nabakov and Raimund von Hoffmanstahl, who had been lodged elsewhere on the train. Mountains of baggage were compressed with ourselves into three automobiles for a fifty kilometer drive in the dark to Chateau Mouton Rothschild. There we were received by Pauline and Philippe, to dine finally about 9:30 on their incredible fare, set off by wines of provocative rarity.

Since we were last at Mouton, many changes in the exterior of the house and its dependencies, as well as the interior, have been effected. The property has belonged to Philippe and his progenitors for 110 years, and the furnishings of the Chateau have remained faithful to the "Style Rothschild" of the last quarter of the nineteenth century. The result is confusing, for the objects of that period were considered appropriate alike to brothels, restaurants and palaces.

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November 2, 1963 - Saturday

During the night Monsieur Rouvier arrived, as later in the morning did Philippine Sereys. She has temporarily abandoned the stage for maternal materialities, and is at Mouton for a few days while her husband acts in the provinces. I do like her immensely.

We were all left to our own devices until noon, when those who wished toured the cellars with the Maître des Chaix. Mouton produces about 100,000 bottles a year; this figure does not include the output of adjacent Chateau d'Armaillacq, now rechristened Mouton Baron Philippe.

Nothing is more fascinating than the contents of the gigantic vaults of a famous Bordeaux vineyard. Here, the grapes are still trodden in vats by barefooted men, women, and children. This year's harvest was harmed by bad weather, so mediocre quality and small quantity is expected.

Walking and talking consumed the interval between lunch and dinner. Each meal is served in a different room. The menus were, as will appear by reproducing them, extraordinary.

After dinner, we toured the wine museum. This is a marvel of taste and selective imagination. I would not have thought it possible to assemble such a comprehensive and intriguing display of rareties in this field. It gave one furiously to admire.

November 3, 1963 - Sunday

I cannot claim that after last evening's gastronomic excesses I awoke like a giant refreshed, but at least I felt no localized pain.

We went over this morning to Chateau Lafite, where E and I stayed years ago with Elie and Liliane de Rothschild. It has been improved and

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